



Carolus Rex Angliæ
Scotiæ franciæ et Hiberniæ



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Scotiæ franciæ et Hiberniæ

VIRTUS REDIVIVA;

OR, A

PANEGYRICK

On the late

K. Charlsthel.

Second Monarch

O F

GREAT BRITAIN.

By THO. FORDE.

Honoris, Amoris, Doloris ergo.

*Propositum est mihi Principem Laudare non Principis facta, nam
laudabilia multa etiam mali faciunt. Plin. Panegyric. in Trajan.*

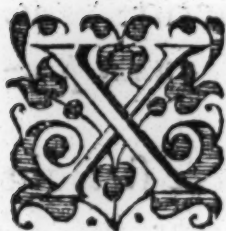


L O N D O N,

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North Door. 1660.



The Preface.



Enophon charactered his *Cyrus*, not as he was but as he ought to have been : making him rather the subject of a brave Romance, than a true History.

But such is the advantage of our *Charls* his Virtue, that when I have said all I can say, it will be infinitely beneath what I should say, I shall doe truth no injury to confesse the weaknesse of Art to repre-

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sent a person so admirable, without diminishing his glories, whose Fame surmounts the most daring Hyperbolies of Rhetorick; and to praise faintly (in *Seneca's* opinion) is a piece of slander.

I must be forced to imitate the Cosmographers, who describe a large Kingdome by a little point, and confine the whole world in a small circle: whereto when I have done all, I must subscribe this Motto, *Intelligitur, plus quam pingitur.*

Alexander the Great gave straight commands, that no Painter should dare to make his Picture, but *Appelles*: I know no Penfill fit to draw great *Charls*, his Picture, but his own, *Ipse, ipse quem loquar, loquatur.* And well it is he hath done it in his divine Portrayture, that *Aureum flumen orationis*: a piece wherein

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wherein Learning and Language, Reason and Religion, speak him at once a *Solomon* for knowledge, and a *David* for piety and devotion.

Timanthes that rare and ingenious Artist (as *Pliny* tells the Story) dividing in a little Table to represent a *Cyclops* sleeping, because he would seem in that little Compasse to shew his Gyant-like bignesse, he painted little Satyres hard by, taking measure of one of his thumbs with long perches. Our insufficiency to represent his sacred Majesty to the full, may perhaps be none of the least Arguments to evince the greatnesse of his merit, who (as *Pindar* said Elegantly of *Heiro*) cropt the tops and summities of all virtues, which dispersed among all others, met in Him, as in their proper Center.

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The Coloss at *Rhodes*, one of the wonders of the World, was no lesse admired being beaten down, than when it stood, when as they saw that with one of the fingers they might make many great Statues: Nor can Great *Charls* his Fall, lessen our Admiration of Him, when it shall be considered that from His incomparable Actions may be drawn perfect Images, and assured Examples of the greatest and most noble Virtues.

It is the priviledge of Virtue to give a new Life after Death.

*Chi Semina virtu, raccoglie fame,
e vera Fama supera la morte,*

Sayes the *Italian* Proverb; He that sows virtuous Deeds, reaps Renown, and true Fame out-lives death.

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How many have we read of who have been buried with ignominy and obscurity; yet in a short time, the Sun of their virtue hath risen out of the dark grave of prejudice and slander, and shined with more luster than before ! *Benedetto Alberti* was banished by the *Florentines*, and yet after his death, they confessed their error, and fetcht home his bones, burying him with solemn pomp and honour, whom being alive they had persecuted with slanders and reproaches.

It is said of our English *Edward* the 2^d ; that they who despised him being alive, so much honored him being dead, that they could have found in their hearts to make him a Saint.

The grave which buries a man should also bury all his enemies, it being unnaturall to hate the dead, whom we cannot hurt, for the ut-

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most that malice can doe is to kill ;
and therefore it is noted a prodigi-
ous and unexampled hatred between
the two brothers of *Thebes*, *Eteocles*
and *Polinices*, as *Statius* tells us,

Nec furis post fata modus, flam-
(mæq; rebelles

Seditione rogi, &c.

Their furies were not bounded by
(their fate,
One's Funeral flame the others
(flame did hate.

Solon made a Law that none
should speak evill of the dead, and
his reason was, for fear of immortal
enemies.

Livor post fata quiescit. Envy
sleeps after death ; says the Poet, as
confidently as if it were not to be
questioned. Onely our *Charls*
hath found it false, and the men of
our

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our Age alone have made an exception to this generall rule of charity. There have been found those who have persecuted his Ghost, and committed Treason against his Memory; like those chief Priests in the Gospel, who consulted to put *Lazarus* to death, after his resurrection. But his Virtue hath survived their malice, and he Lives in spight of Fate or envy.

Hæc est CAROLI gloria, ut nullius laudibus crescat, nullius vituperatione minuat; as *Macrobius* sayes of *Virgil*. This is *CHARLES* his Glory, that as the prayses of his friends can adde nothing to him, so the slanders of his enemies can detract nothing from Him. His Virtue needeth not our *Encomiums*, His Memory contemneth their scandals, and his Merits Surpasse all Discourses.

Vivit post funera Virtus.



VIRTUS REDIVIVA:

OR,

A PANEGRICK

On the late

K. Charlsthe I.

Second Monarch of Great
BRITAIN.



O praise the *living*, although never
so deserving, is not seldome sus-
pected of *flattery*, and *design*: There-
fore say the wise *Italians*, *La lode*
nascer deve quando è morto chi s'ha da
lodar; Praises ought not to be *born*, till the party
praised be *dead*: when both *envy* in the Reader,
and *flattery* in the Writer are useless: when
the Writers Pen is neither *brib'd* by favours to a
merci-

mercenary, and sordid adulation, nor frightened by the frownes of greatnesse into a Paraletick, and shaking cowardice.

I have undertaken a Subject which will secure me from the guilt of fawning flattery, as being so far above all praises that I fear not to be guilty of saying *too much*, but *too little* in his commendation. The richest colours of Rhetorick are too dark to represent a life so transparent, so full of worth, so full of wonder. The brightest language will prove but a dark shadow, to that shining merit, which exceeds all apprehension, much less expression; well it is if it do not spoil, what I confess I am not able to adorn. *Materies tamen ipsa juvat.* *Charls the First*, whom but to name is to cast a cloud upon all former Ages, and to benight Posterity; In taking of whose Picture, I shall not need to doe as that Painter did, who drew *Antigonus*, imagine luscâ, halt faced, that so he might hide his want of an eye from the view of the beholder. There is nothing in *Charls*, but what is lovely, and admirable, no deformity, or imperfection. I shall rather choose to imitate the famous *Apelles*, who to express his art to the full in the picture of *Venus* rising naked out of the Sea, assembled together all the most beautiful women of the Island of *Cyos* (his native place) uniting in that piece all their divided perfections. There is nothing eminent, or excellent in all the deservedly admired antients, that is not only met, but out-done in *Charls*. It is affirmed by the learned *Raleigh*, that if all the pictures and patterns of a merciless Prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted

to the life out of the Story of *Hen. 8.* But I shall with as much *truth*, and perhaps more *Charity*, maintain, that if all the Pictures, and Patterns of a mercifull Prince, of a couragious and constant King, of a vertuous, and brave Man, were lost, they might be repaired, if not infinitely excell'd in the Story of *Charls the First*; whose life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it self cannot mention without commendation. I find not any man in all the Records of the antients, or the Writings of the more modern authors, over whom he hath not some advantage; nor any ones life, taken altogether, so admirable as His: nor any thing admirable in any, that was not in Him; *Qua simul omnia uno isto nomine continentur.* In Him alone are to be found all the vertuous qualities of the best Princes in the world, without the vices of any of them: for he only hath made it appear, that *great vertues* may be without the attendance of *great vices*.

It was said of our *Hen. the 5th.* that he had something in him of *Cesar*, which *Alexander the Great* had not, that he would not be drunk, and something of *Alexander the Great*, which *Cesar* had not, that he would not be flattered. But *Charls* had the *vertues* of all; without the *vices* of any, *tam extra vicia, quam cum summis virtutibus.* He as much exceeded all other Kings, as other Kings doe all other men. In a word, he was what ever a good Prince ought to be, and what others should be, yet was this *Lilly* born in the land of *thorns* and *briers*, this *Rose* sprang up amidst a field of *thistles*; I presume the description hath prevented me saying it was *Scotland.*

*A Land that calls in question, and suspence
Gods Omni-presence, but that Charls came thence.*

In quo, nihil præter unum Carolum est, quod commendamus. A Nation famous for the birth of Charls, but infamous for their treachery and disloyalty to so brave a Prince. But the happiness of a brave and incomparable Father, did sufficiently recompence for the place of his birth: So that I may say of him what is said of *Lewis the 8th of France*, father to *St. Lewis*, that he was *Son* to an excellent *Father*, and *Father* to an excellent *Son*; a *Son* only worthy of such a *Father*, a *Father* only worthy of such a *Son*. A Father so admirable that *Sir W. Raleigh* hath left it upon Record to all Posterity. that if all the malice of the world were infused into one eye, yet could it not discern in his life, any one of those foul spots, by which the consciences of all forreign Princes (in effect) have been defiled; nor any drop of that innocent blood on the Sword of his justice, with which the most that fore-went him have stained both their hands and fame. This Encomium of the *Father*, may justly descend to the *Son* as Heir apparant to his virtues, as well as his Crowns.

In his Childhood, the weaknesse of his lower parts which made him unapt for exercises and feats of activity, rendred him more retired, and studious, and more intent upon his Book then perhaps he had been otherwise. So great a Student was he in his younger dayes, that his Father would say, he must make him a *Bishop*: Providence

dence then seeming to design him, rather to the *Crosier* then the *Crown*. By his great study he became a great Historian, an excellent *Poet*, a great lover and Master of *Musick*, and indeed a generall Scholar. This rare *Cien* was not grafted upon a wilding or crab-stock, but an innocent and studious youth, was the prologue to a more active and vigorous manhood. For being grown in years, and state, he shook off his former retiredness, and betook himself to all manner of man-like exercises, as vaulting, riding the great Horse, running at the Ring, shooting in Cross-bowes, Muskets, and great Ordinance, in which he became so expert, that he was said to be the best Marks-man, and the most comely Manager of a great Horse, of any one in his three Kingdoms. Nor were these excellencies *ill-housed* but his fair Soul was tenant to a lovely and well proportioned body. His stature of a just proportion, his body erect and active, of a delicate constitution, yet so strong withall, as if nature had design'd him to be the strife of *Mars*, and *Venus*. His countenance amiable and beautiful, wherein the *white Rose* of *York*, and the *Red* of *Lancaster* were united: his hair inclining to a brown, till cares and grief changed them into a *white*, at once the Embleme of his innocence, and his fortune: clear and shining eyes, a brow proclaiming fidelity, his whole frame of face and favour, a most perfect mixture and composition of Majesty, and Sweetness.

Thus long have we beheld him as a *Man*: Let us now view him as a *Husband*, as a *Father*, as a *King*; and we shall find him alike admirable in all relations. As

As an *Husband*, he is a rare Example of love and chastity; at his first receiving of his *Queen*, he professed, that he would be no longer *Master* of himself, then whilst he was a *Servant* to her; and so well did he make his words good, that on the day before his death. he commanded his *Daughter*, the excellent Princess *Elizabeth*, to tell her Mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. And indeed no man more loved, or less doated upon a wife.

As a *father*, how tender was he of his children, without a too remiss indulgence! how carefull of their education in the true *Protestant Religion*, which he alwayes professed, and learnedly defended, advising the *Lady Elizabeth* (and in her the rest) to read *Bishop Andrews Sermons*, *Hookers Ecclesiasticall Politie*, and *Bishop Laud's book against Fisher*, to ground them against *Popery*.

Let us now view him as a *King*, and we shall see him as the *Soul* of the *Common-wealth*, acting vigourously, and regularly every particular member in its severall place and office. Behold him in his royall Throne, and thence dispensing his sacred Oracles of *Law* and *Justice*, to the admiration of all that had the happiness to see and hear him. Witness Mr. *Speakers Speech* to his *Majesty* on the 5th of *Novem. 1640*. I see before my eyes with admiration (sayes that then eloquent Orator, as the mouth of all the *Commons of England*) the *Majesty of Great Britain*, the glory of times, the history of honour, *Charles the First*, in his forefront placed by descent of antiquity, *King*, settled by a long succession, and
 conti-

nued unto us by a pious & peaceful government;
 concluding with this serious and loyal promise;
 And all our Votes shall pass, that your sacred
 Majesty may *Long, Long, Long* reign over us. To
 which, no doubt, all that heard him said, *Amen*.
 Such was his pious and paternall care over his
 people, that the most fullen ingratitude could
 not but acknowledge him the *Father of his Coun-*
try: teaching his people obedience to his *Laws*,
 not so much by *Proclamation*, as *Example*; as he
 was *Imperio Maximus*, so he was *Exemplo Ma-*
ior, as *Paterculus* sayes of *Tyberius*: or as it is
 said of *Lycurgus*, that famous *Law-giver*, he ne-
 ver ordained any thing to *others*, which he did
 not first exactly observe *himself*.

So chaste was he in his embraces, so pious in
 his devotions, so just in all his actions, that the
Law-maxime of Rex non peccat, was never more
 true of any King, than of Him. Behold him at
 the *Councill Table*, and there we shall find him
 (by the testimony of one of his greatest ene-
 mies) *principall* in all transactions of State, and
 the wisest about him but *Accessaries*: for he ne-
 ver acted by any *implicit faith* in State matters;
 He had more learning and dexterity in State af-
 fairs, undoubtedly (sayes that *Cook ruffian*) than
 all the *Kings* in Christendom. And herein, if
 ever, the good words of an enemy are true.

It is reported of our *Henry 4th.* that he stood
 more upon his *own legs* than any of his Predeces-
 sors had done, in cases of difficulty; not *refusing*,
 but not *needing* the advice of others, which
 might *confirm*, but not *better* his own judgement.
 But this is far greater and truer commendation

in *Charls*, who succeeded so wise a Prince as *James the first*, the greatest Master of *King-craft* (as he used to call it) that ever swayd the *English* Scepter.

Bnt as our *Charls* his wisdom was great, in that he was able to advise, yet was it greater in that he was willing to be advised: being never so wedded to his own opinions but that on good grounds he might be divorced from them; for though some of his enemies have reported him wilfull, and too tenacious to his own resolves; one who knew him better then all of them (though perhaps their malice was greater than their ignorance) affirms, and that without suspicion of falshood, that though in his childhood he was noted to be very wilfull, which might proceed from that retiredness, which the imperfection of his Speech, not fitting him for publick discourse, and the weakness of his limbs and joints (as unfit for action) made him most delight in; yet afterwards, as he shaked off his retiredness, so he corrected in himself the peccancy of that humour, which had grown up with it, there being no man to be found (sayes my Author, and it is *verbum Sacerdotis*) of an evener temper, more pliant to good counsel, or less wedded than he was to his own opinion. Indeed as he was long and serious in deliberating, so was he just and true to his resolves, and resolute in the execution of them.

Let us attend him to the Chappell, and there we shall see him, so pious and devout in prayer, so reverend and attentive in hearing, that we may justly conclude his piety to be as a rich Diamond

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in the Ring of his royall virtues. *Constantino* alwayes heard Sermons standing, acknowledging thereby what reverence is due to the Word of God, the irreverence that hath since crept into our Churches, may well make us bewail the loss of that laudable Example of our *English Constantine*, who alwayes bare a great regard to the Church and Church men; whom he revered for their function, and loved for their fidelity; so much a friend was he to all Church men, that had any thing in them becomming that sacred Function, that he hazarded (as he says himself) his own interest, chiefly upon conscience & constancy to maintain their rights, whom the more he looked upon as Orphans, & under the sacrilegious eyes of many cruel & rapacious reformers; so he thought it his duty the more to appear as a father, and patron for them and the Church.

He was at once a dutifull Son, and an indulgent father of the Church, esteeming it (with that good Emperor) a greater honour to be a member of the Church, than Head of an Empire. Nor was he onely a gracious Patron of the Church, but also a resolute Champion in behalf of the Hierarchy, as well remembring that Prophectick Apothegm of the King his father, *No Bishop, no King*; his own experience being too great a Comment upon that truth to be by him neglected, or by us forgotten.

Bassianus the Emperor refusing the name of *Pious*, would be called *Felix*; on the contrary our *Charls* chose rather to be informiately *Pious*, than irreligiously *prosperous*, well knowing that piety shall not want its reward in a better place. A

King so religious, so devout, that if all his subjects had been like the King, we might then indeed have had a Kingdom of *Saints*.

If we enter his *Courts of Judicature*, there shall we behold *Justice* with her sword and ballance, equally dividing, and impartially weighing out the rewards of virtue, and punishments of vice: poverty never excluding the *Innocent*, nor power absolving the *nocent*; and though the *Asylum* of his mercy was never shut to the meanest suppliant, whom the rigour of the *Law* had cast, yet was he alwayes inexorable to the supplications of the greatest offender, if found guilty of *willfull murder*. *Agessians* wrote to a Judge in behalf of his Favourite, *Si causa bona, pro justitia, sin mala pro amicitia absolve*. But hath not our *Charls* delivered up the greatest of his favourites to the sentence of the *Law*? did his power ever shield the most powerfull offenders from the stroke of justice, though himself were wounded through their sides? As his justice was *blind* to all relations, his hands were continually open to receive the Petitions of his meanest subject: not like *Demetrius* who threw the Petitions of his people into the water; He was always ready and expectant to receive them, and never better pleased than when he took them from the hands of the poorest Petitioner; justly meriting the style of *James the fifth of Scotland*, who was called, *The poor mans King*.

Worthy was the Speech of that *Goth*, a King of *Italy*, who speaking of his Subjects, said, *Messis nostra, cunctorum quies*. Our harvest is their rest. Such was the vigilancy of *Charls*, whose waking
eyes

eyes secured all his flock from being a prey to any subtle *Mercury*: No foreign invasion daring to land upon our coasts; no home-bred broyles frightening the Husbandman from his Plough, or the Tradesman from his Shop: but peace and plenty crowned all their endeavours, they being married in our *Kingdome*, as nearly as in the *French* Proverb. Every man sate under his own Vine and Fig-tree, eating the fruit of his own labours. No loading taxes made their trade move slowly, or clogged the wheels of their honest industry. No polings, no plunderings, no spies to catch at every whisper, and make a man an offendour for a word; but *Law* was duly administred, *Religion* mainteined, *Learning* encouraged, the arts liberally professed and rewarded. Our *Merchants* traffickt with safety and honour wheresoever the necessity of their employments lead them; and no corner of the world so barbarous, but the name of an *Englishman* was welcome and pleasant.

It is reported that *Henry* the 8th confessed on his death-bed, that he had never spared man in his wrath, nor woman in his lust: But of *Charles* let me ask, whose house did he plunder? whose wife did he abuse? whose right did he wrong? may it not be more truly affirmed of him, what the Historian flatteringly spake of *Livia*, the wife of *Augustus*, *Ejus potentiam nemo sensit, nisi aut levatione periculi, aut accessione dignitatis*? No man felt his hand, unless in raising the oppressed from the pit of misery, or advancing the deserving to the hill of honour. To such a pitch of felicity were we then arrived, by the virtues and

Indulgence of a gracious Sovereign, that nothing could render us more happy, but a continuance of our happiness. Never was Prince more beloved, or better obeyed by loyall Subjects. Nothing but the want of him could render him more glorious, or desired.

But the greatest felicities are shortest lived, and the most glorious summer is followed by the sharpest winter; the clearest skie is not without its clouds, the longest day must have a night. The sunne of our glory was arriv'd to the Meridian and Verticall point, it must now decline, labour under a sad and almost total Eclipse; and at last set in a cloud of bloud, darkness, and confusion.

O nulla longi temporis felicitas!

But as the sun is no less glorious in it self, when labouring under the darkest Eclipse, nor leaves his wonted course, for all the clouds and vapours that flie in his face; So neither was our Charles less great and admirable under the most fatall Eclipses of his glory, nor less constant, and unwearied in all the royall Offices of a King, when the clouds and vapours of calumny and sedition endeavored most to obscure and darken his brightnesse.

As he was a lover of Peace, he was no lesse valiant in War, if we confesse at least valour consists not onely in doing, but also in suffering. As he was moderate in prosperity, so was he courageous and patient in adversity: his virtue, courage and Christian patience having carried him with an unwearied course through both the Hemispheres of prosperity and adversity, compassing (as I may say) the whole globe of both
for-

fortunes, and rendring him an unparalleld pattern of such vertues, as were formerly undiscovered to the world, and had still remained as a *Terra incognita* to all other Princes, had not his admirable example taught them, and all others, that no *Cross* is too heavy for a Christian resolution, nor any difficulty too hard for virtue to conquer.

On the Sepulcher of *Possenius Niger* was placed this Epitaph, Here lieth *Poss. Niger*, an ancient Roman, who in merit was equal with the *virtuous*, but in misfortune exceeded the most *unfortunate*. We may affix the same with very little alteration to the Statue of *Charles the first*, second Monarch of Great Britain, That he was equal in merit with the most *virtuous*, but in *misfortunes* exceeding the most *unfortunate*: yet did the brightness of his virtue shine through, and his piety gild and enamel the darkest clouds of his afflictions, baffling all the daring mists of malice and envy, and converting them into well-placed *shadows*, which rendred his Picture more lively and admirable.

Naturalists write of a precious stone called *Carauinas*, that it is found onely in a day of thunder, glistering when the Sky is overcast with darkness: such are the virtues of *faith*, *hope*, *charity*, *patience*, and *magnanimity* of *Charles*, which perhaps had never so gloriously appeared, had not the *darkness* of his torture brought them to *light*: and being like *winter* flowers produced between storms and tempests, and grown up like the noble *Palm* under the pressures of weights and burthens.

Prolixam est enumerare omnes, cognoscite aliquat, as St. *Ambrose* said of *Judiths* virtues; I shall only cull out some few of those many rich jewels, to adorn his *Panegyrick*, and leave the rest to be collected by his *Historians*, and thredded by their more diligent hands upon the string of their more lasting stories.

The eye of mine observation fixeth first upon the orient gem of his *Patience* in affliction, which made him so ductile and plyant to the will of Heaven, that he willingly exchanged his *Crown* for the *Crosse*, and made his *Scepter* stoop to the *Rod* of affliction.

In his March after *Essex* to the *West*, it hapned that one of the carriages brake in a long narrow Lane, which they were to pass, and gave his *Majesty* a stop, at a time of an intolerable showre of rain which fell upon him, some of his Courtiers and others which were near about him, offered to hew him out a way through the hedges with their *Swords*, that he might get shelter in some of the villages adjoyning; but he resolved not to forsake his Canon upon any occasion: At which when some about him seemed to admire and marvail at the patience which he shewed in that extremity; his *Majesty* lifting up his Hat made answer, That as God had given him afflictions to exercise his patience, so he had given him patience to bear his afflictions. A Speech so heavenly and divine (says my Author) that it is hardly to be parallel'd by any of the men of God in all the Scripture. We may observe him in his divine *Meditations*, like the industrious *Bee*, sucking the *Hony* of comfort and consolation, out of the bitter flowers of his Unequall fortune.

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An Aneient said, he that can bear an *injury*, is worthy an *Empire*; But if we consider with how even and equall a temper, with how constant and Christian a fortitude his *Majesty* bore all the injurious insolencies, and insolent injuries which the tongues and pens of his malicious adversaries continually loaded him withall, we must be forced to confesse, that if *merit* herein might have *won*, or *justice* have been *Elect*or, he hadnot been *King* of an inconsiderable *Island*, but *Emperor* of the *whole* world. So far was He from repining at his afflictions, or being angry at the injuries of his ignorant and insolent enemies, that he never esteemed himself more glorious, than when dressed up in the robe of their scorn and mockery: alwayes fencing himself with that royall Maxime as with a shield, *Bona agere, & mala pati regium est*. Nor could the injuries and affronts of some, force him to a *retaliation*, being often *angry* at, but never *pleased* with those *satyricall* invectives against his enemies which a just indignation sometimes forced from the sharper Pens of some of his friends.

As his losses could not make him *despond*, his victories never made him *insolent*; though the one rendred him more *humble*, the other could not make him *proud*; He was rather like *Fennegreek*, which (sayes *Pliny*) the *worse* it is handled the *better* it proves.

It is said of that mother in the *Maccabees*, who saw her *seven* children slain before her eyes, and last of all was her self slain; *Oetia passus est Martyries*, that she suffered *Eight* times over:
and

and can we think that so indulgent a Father of his people, did not suffer as many several martyrdomes, as his subjects suffered miseries and destructions.

Non placet vindicta, sed victoria, was the applauded speech of the conquering *Cæsar*; but we may hear our victorious *Charls* professe, He never had any victory which was without his sorrow, because it was on his own subjects, who like *Absalom*, died many of them in their sin: and yet (sayes he) I never suffered any defeat which made me despair of Gods mercy and defence. And that he might convince the world that he loved not war, nor delighted in the ruine of his subjects, he ever sought for peace, after his greatest victories; The highest tide of success (as he saith himself, who could best tell) set him not above a Treaty, nor did any success he had, ever enhance with him the price of peace, though he was like to pay dearer for it than any man.

It is Recorded to the honour of the Roman *Scipio Africanus*, and will be to the glory of our English *Charls*, that he had rather save one friend, than kill a thousand enemies. But to such a height were our sins, and the guilty malice of some particular men amounted, that rendred all his Royal endeavours and tenders of Peace unfortunate and fruitlesse; So true is that observation of the grave *Tacitus*, *Inviso semel principe, seu malè, seu benè facta premiunt*: A Prince once distasted is ever suspected, and his actions misconstrued; it then appearing plainly, that whatever pretentions palliated the designs

signs of some, yet their intentions terminated in a *Nolumus hunc regnare*; nor was it hard to prophetic that such *Recusants* then would in time appear *Ravilliac's*: and some there were, who though they could not but admire *Charles*, yet they hated the *King*.

Others there were who too well knew the *Maxime* of their Countryman *Machiavel*, that a succession of two or three virtuous Princes worketh strange effects. and therefore feared to be at the cost of the experiment, lest it might have proved to have been at no cheaper rate than the ruine of their design, the erecting of their *Babel* of confusion, thereby to make way for their *Catholick Monarch*. But to their wonder and their envy, when all his forces were defeated, and his sword fain out of his hands, *Charles* alone maintains the Combat, and singly duels (like another *Athanasius*) the whole world, in defence of his *Conscience* and *Religion*, which were all the wealth his shipwrack't torture had left him, and which, maugre the malice of his fate, he carried safe to shore.

The victories he then gained will remain as *Eternal Trophies* of his honour, and undeniable arguments of his vast abilities in matters of *Controversie*: Let his *Conference* with the *Marquess of Worcester*, the papers which passed betwixt his *S. Majesty* and *Mr. Henderson*, and those other with the *Ministers* in the *Isle of Wight*, testifie how great a Master he was of reason, how well read in the *Fathers*, the *Councils*, *Ecclesiastical History*, and the customs of the Church in all Ages. By all which it will plainly

ly appear that he was as well the *scholar*, as the *Son* of *K. James*, by whom he was so well instructed in the controversies of Religion, that when he was in *Spain*, *D. Maw*, and *D. Wren*, two of his *Chaplains* being appointed to follow after, came to *K. James* to know his pleasure and commands: the King advised them not to put themselves upon any unnecessary Disputations, but to be onely on the *defensive* part, if they should be challenged; and when it was answered that there could be no reason to engage in such disputations, where there could be no *Moderator*, the King replied, that *Charles* should *moderate* between them and the opposite party. At which, when one of them seemed to smile on the other, the King proceeded, and told them, that *Charles* should manage a point in Controversie with the best Studied Divine of them all. He was without question Master of an *Imperial pen*; His *Eagles* feathers (upon all occasions) devoured his adversaries *goose-quills*, and infinitely recompenced the impediment of his speech, with the advantage of an inimitable style.

Spartianus reports of *Trajan*, that after his death he triumphed openly in the City of *Rome*, *In imagine*, in a lively Statue, or Representation, invented by *Adrian* for that purpose. But *Charles* triumphs more nobly in his Royal *Portraicture*, drawn by himself, with such curious lines, and lively colours, as no hand but his own could draw. There is he seated more gloriously than ever he was on his Royal Throne, or in his Royal Robes; there shall he live and reign,

reign, and be as *immortal* as his enemies malice. Never was devotion clad in a more rich, or more modest dress. There doth he make it appear that his soul was free and unconfin'd, though his body were a prisoner, and that he could exercise the office of a *Priest*, when he was deprived of that of a *King*. Such was the power of his noble and commanding Soul, even then, that he made his *Conquerors* his *cap-tives*, and subdued the hearts of those to love him, who had deprived him of all other weapons.

Such was the Princely carriage of *Francis* the First, King of *France*, that he thereby so won upon the hearts of *Burbon*, and the rest of his enemies, to whom he was a prisoner, that they honoured him with no lesse observancy, than if he had been on the top of his prosperity: and *Homer* much commends his *Ulysses*, that when by shipwrack he was cast on shore, he had nothing to commend him but his carriage. Had *Homer* had *Charls* for his subject, or *Charls* *Ho-mer* for his *Historian*, what an admirable strife would there have been betwixt the workman and the matter, and yet the matter would have exceeded the workmans art.

Paterculus saith of *Tyberius*, *Quod visum pratulerit principem*, his Countenance proclaimed him King: So Majestick was the Countenance, and so winning the carriage of *Charls*, that his enemies became his converts, and his very *Gao-lers* his Confessors: some of them having ever since exchanged their former Masters and Estates, for a prison, and banishment, to expiate
the

their former injuries to so good a King.

And now we have brought him to the last, and most glorious act of his life, wherein we shall see him out-do himself, as he had done all others in his former actions; God fitting him with a Courageous and Christian patience, as much above all other men, as his case and condition was transcending all former examples.

Trees that grow on the tops of rocks (they say) have stronger roots than other trees, because they are more exposed to the boisterousness of the winds and weather. His Sacred Majesty was now to act a part beyond all *president*, and God fitted him with a virtue and constancy beyond all *parallel*.

En horret animus, & pavor membra excutit.

————— *refugit loqui*
mens agra, tantis atq; inhorrescit malis.

My thoughts are distracted, and my pen falls out of my hand with amazement. I must therefore draw a veil of silence over, and Comment upon this Tragical Scene with *tears* instead of *words*. I will onely adventure to draw the curtain so far, as may let in the Readers eye to discover the *King* singly maintaining his own Innocence, his Successors Rights, and his peoples Liberty, against a *Legion* of his adversaries, who were at once his Judges and Accusers. *Scipio* being one day accused before the *Roman* people of a capital offence, instead of excusing himself, or flattering the Judges, turning to them, he said, *It will well beseeem you to*
judge

judge of his head by whose means you have authority to judge of all the world. Private persons have many Judges, Kings none but God, said *M. Antonius*. But our King had to do with people of another principle, who too well knew that politick maxime of *Monfieur de Foy*, That a man must not trust a reconciled enemy, especially his King, against whom, when he draws his sword, he must throw the scabbard into the river.

It was not enough that he had granted whatever they desired, which his conscience and the safety of his subjects would permit, or that his Royal Concessions went beyond the foremost of their hopes and wishes, or that his reasons were unanswerable, and that they had no greater plea against him, but that of the rapacious wolf to the innocent lamb, *Thou hast the better cause, but I have the better teeth*. Though *Charles* was innocent, it was crime enough that he was King, and stood in the place that ambition aimed at.

Semiramis (as *Ælian* tells the Story) was an humble Petitioner to the King of the *Assyrians*, whose Concubine she was, that she might take upon her the government of *Asia*, and command the Kings servants, but for the transitory space of five dayes: it was granted, she came forth with a Princely robe, and her first words were (ingrateful wretch!) *Go take the King, and kill him*: and so by one venturous step climbed up to a settled state of Imperial Government. I leave the parallel to the readers thoughts, and go on to observe what is truly observable, that notwithstanding the natural impediment of the
Kings

Kings Speech, God at this time of his extremity so loosed his tongue, that he delivered his thoughts without the least stammering or hesitation; enough to have convinced any but a *Pilat*, and a *Jurie* of *Jewes*, that by that miracle God seemed to say to them, in the language of that dumb man, *Rex est, ne occides*. But it was argument enough to them to cut off that head, that it wore three Crowns. A thing so strange and unheard of before our times, that though they made a *President*, they could never find an *Example* for it in all the *Histories* of the world. So sacred and inviolable was the Person of the *Prince* amongst the *Romans*, that when *Nero* (made valiant by his own fear) ran himself through, *Epaphroditus* his Secretary, at his request, helping to dispatch him the sooner, for that service was afterwards put to death by *Domitian*, who thought it not meet to suffer any man to live, who had in any sort lent his hand to the death of a Prince.

The Kings of *Peru* were so revered by their subjects, and so faithfully served, that never any of their subjects were found guilty of Treason. Indeed the people of *Nicragua* in *America*, had no law for the killer of a *King*, but it was for the same reason that *Solon* appointed none for a mans killing of his Father; both of them conceiting that men were not so unnatural, as to commit such crimes. But such is the miserable condition of Princes, as the Emperor *Domitian* complained, *that they cannot be credited touching a Conspiracy, plainly detected, until they be first slain*. More strange and sad it is, that

that men should commit *murder* with the sword of *Justice*, and *treason* execute *justice* as a malefactor. Such actions seldome want their reward, and many times receive it from the *Actors own hands*.

It is the observation of *Causabon* in his *Annotations* upon *Suetonius*, that all they who conspired against *Cesar*, slew themselves with the *same* poniards wherewith they had stabbed the *Emperor*. Such a death (saith he) may all have who so wickedly and disloyally enterprize upon the lives of *Princes*. For a man to attempt upon the life of a *forreign* or *neighbour* Prince, may perhaps passe with the guilt of *simple murder*; but for a subject to assassinate his *own native* King, is no less than *Paracide* in the superlative degree.

At the Solemn Coronation of the Prince, every *Peer* of the Realm hath his station about the *Throne*, and with the touch of his hand upon the *Royal Crown*, declareth the personal duty of that honour which he is called unto, namely, to hold on the *Crown* on the *Head* of his *Sovereign*, to make it the main end of his greatnesse, to endeavour the establishment of his *Princes Throne*. Justly may those *branches* wither that contrive the ruine of the *Stock* that feeds them: and well may they prove *falling stars*, who endeavour the ecclipsing of that *Sun* from whom they have received their light and lustre.

Rodolphus D. of Suevia, having usurped the Empire of the *Romans*, in a Conflict with *Henry* the right Emperor, his *right* hand was struck

off in battel, which being brought to him lying upon his death-bed, in the horrour of his guilt he cryed out, *This is the hand wherewith I confirmed my promised loyalty to the Emperor.* Such as repay hatred where they owe love, and return disloyalty where they owe allegiance, may expect a payment in their own coin from the hand of Divine Justice.

But to disguise Majesty into an habit of treason, and to dress up treason in a robe of justice; to place guilt on the bench, and set innocence at the bar, and by a mockery of Law to condemn the Fountain of Law, is like the Italian Physician, who boasted he had kill'd a man with the fairest method in the world, *è morto* (said he) *canonicamente, è contutti gli ordini*; He is dead (says he) regularly, and with all the rules of art.

To dwell no longer on this unpleasant subject we had sinned, and *Charls* must suffer. *Dilirant Archivi, plectuntur Reges.* He who had worn a Crown of Gold, must now admit a crown of thornes, that might fit him for the Crown of Glory.

They had promised to make him a glorious King, and now was the time come; *Sit divus, modo non sit vivus*, say they. His Kingdom was not to be any longer of this world, and therefore he prepares himself with humility, piety, charity, and magnanimity, to bear this earthly cross; that he might attein his heavenly crown: His enemies curse him, he prays for them; they slander him, he forgives them; they load him with affronts, he carries them with patience. And now his pious soul is on the wing, and makes many

many a sally to the place where she longed to be at rest: and in the fire of an ardent devotion, he offers up himself an *Holocaust*, being kindled with the flames of Divine Love, and is fill'd with a large measure of celestial joy, and holy confidence; witnesse that admirable *Anagram* made by himself on the day before his death,

Carolus Rex: Cras ero Lux.

Hermigildus Son of *Levigildus* King of the *Visigoths*, forsaking the *Arrian* Heresie, which his Father maintain'd, and embracing the *Catholick* truth, was threatned by his Father with death, unless he returned to his former errors: To whom the pious Son, *Poteris* (saith he) *in me statuere pater quod lubet; regno privas? sed penitura tantum: immortale illud eripere non potes. In vincula me rapis? ad cœlum certè patet via; ibimus, illuc ibimus. Vitam eripitis? restat melior & æterna.* Such were the pious resolves of the most Christian *Charls*: You may doe with me what you will, ye may deprive me of my Kingdomes, alas! these are perishing things; but mine immortal Crown ye cannot reach. If ye confine me to the narrow walls of a prison, my soul vwill mount to *Heaven*; thither, thither vwill vve goe. If ye take avway this life, I shall but exchange it for a better and eternal one.

Thus prepared, he vvith all humility and Christan resignation, offers up himself the peoples *Martyr*; to the grief of his friends, the shame of his enemies, and the amazement of all the world.

Quis talia fando temperet à lachrymis !

Many wiped up his blood with their handkerchiefs, which experience proved afterwards an admirable *Collirium* to restore the sight even to those (I could name some of the recovered patients; from whom I received the relation) who were almost blind : this wants not *truth* so much as a *Roman* pen, to make it a *miracle*. Sure I am his death opened thousands of eyes, which passion and prejudice had blinded : and those who whilst he *lived*, wish'd him *dead*, now he was *dead* wish'd him *alive* again.

That so great a Prince (who yet chose rather to be *good* than *great*, to be *holy* rather than *happy*) might not die unattended, many loyal subjects left this life with the very news of His death : as it is reported of *Hugh Scrimiger*, servant to *S. W. Spotswood*, beheaded by the *Covenanters* of *Scotland*, passing by the Scaffold before it was taken down, fell into a swoond, and being carried home, died at his own door. The truth of this Relation I leave to the credit of the *Historian*; the former I attest upon mine own knowledge, my self being assistant at the Funeral of a *Kinsman*, who (with divers others) died of no other disease than the newes of the Kings death; on whom, as I then bestowed, I here deposite this *Epitaph*.

*Here lies a loyal member dead,
Who scorned to survive his Head.*

Thus

Thus died *Charls*, *Aliorum majori damno, quam suo*: It being hard to determine, whether the Church and State were more *happy* to have *bad*, or more *miserable* to lose so incomparable a King; who wanted nothing but to have lived in an Age when it was in fashion to *Deifie* their Worthies, or in a Country where it is a trade to be *Sainted*. But alas! He lived in an Age when *vices* were in fashion, and *virtues* accounted *vices*. Of whom, his worst enemies (sayes one who was none of his best friends) cannot but give this *civil*, yet *true Character*, That he was a Prince of most excellent natural parts, an universal Gentleman, very few men of any rank or quality exceeding him in his natural endowments; and the most accomplished King this Nation had ever since the Conquest.

FINIS

Doloris nullus.

Oweni Epigr. in Regicidas.

*Si manus offendat te dextra, abscin-
dito dextram,*

*Offendat si pes, abjice, Christus
ait.*

*Corpus in errorem dexter si ducat o-
cellus,*

*Ipse oculus peccans, effodiendus
erit.*

*Quælibet abscindi pars corporis æ-
gra jubetur,*

*Excipiunt medici, Theologi; Ca-
put.*

An Elegie on Charls the First, &c.

Come saddest Muse, tragick Melpomine,
Help me to weep, or sigh an Elegie;
And from dumb grief recover so much breath,
As may serve to expresse my Sovereigns death.
But that's not all; had Natures oil been spent,
And all the treasury of life she lent
Exhausted: had his latest sand been run,
And the three fatal Sisters thred been spun;
Or laden with yeares, and mellow had he dropt
Into our mothers bosome; not thus lopt,
We could have born it. But thus hew'd from life
By an Axe, more hasty than the cruel knife
Of grisly Atropos; thus to be torn
From us, whom loyal death would have forborn,
This strikes us dead. Hence Nero shall be kind
Accounted, he but wished, and that wish confin'd
Within the walls of Rome; but here we see
Three Kingdoms at one blow beheaded be;
And instead of the one head of a King,
Hundreis of Hydra-headed Monsters spring.
Scarce can I think of this, and not engage
My Muse to muster her Poetick rage,
To scourge those Gyants, whose bold hands ha e ren:
This glorious Sun from out our Firmament,
Put out the light of Israel, that they might
Act their black deeds securely in the night:
When none but new and foolish lights appear,
Not to direct, but cheat the traveller.

An Elegie on King Charls the First.

But biting births are monstrous, Ours must be
(My Midwife Muse) a weeping Elegie.
Well may we, like some of whom Stories write,
From this Sun-set in mourning spend our night :
Until we see a second Sun arise,
That may exhale those Vapours from our eyes.
Since the breath of our nostrils we have lost,
We are but moaning statues at the most,
Our wisdom, reason, justice, all are dead,
As parts that liv'd, and died with our Head.
How can we speak him praise, or our loss, when
Our tongue of language silenc'd is with him.
Or can our fainter pensils hope to paint
Those rays of Majesty, which spake him Saint ?
In mortal weeds, not man; As great a King
Of virtues, as of men; A sacred thing,
To such an heighth of eminency rais'd,
Easier by far to be admir'd than prais'd.
Would puzzle the sage Plutarch now to tell,
Or finde on earth our Charls's parallel.
Let Rome and Greece of Heroes boast no more,
To make our One, would beggar all their store.
Weep ye thre Orphan Kingdoms, weep, for He
To you was truly Pater Patriæ.
Mourn too Religion, Liberty, and Lawes,
He was your Martyr, and died in your cause.
Levy a tax of grief, for who'll deny,
For this so general loss, a general cry.
Though to bear arms be, yet I know no reason
That loyal tears should be accounted treason.

Let

An Anniversary on Charls the First.

*Let not thy grief be small, I thee intreat;
Britain, for him who only made thee Great.*

*An Anniversary on Charls the
First, &c. 1657.*

Pardon, great Soul, the slowness of my verse,
Who after eight years sing thine Anniverser:
Since he who well would write thine Elegie,
Must take an Ages time to study thee.
Nay must be you, for none but you can tell,
Or measure the just height from whence you
We know not how to estimate thy loss, (tell.
Nor can we feel the weight of thy sad cross.
• If we should rack our fancies, to invent
Mischiefs, & plots far worse than hell e're meant
To best of men (when men with hell combine)
They all would prove faint Metaphors of thine.
He who once sold his Kingdom for a draught
Of running water, and then perish't strait,
Had much the better bargain; thou didst lose
All men could wish, for miseries and woes.
Saints (like their Saviour) when for drink they
The world presents them vinegar & gall. (call.
What monstrous sins of ours made Heaven to
frown,
When Virtue met an Axe, and Vice a Crown?
Thrones, Scepters, Crowns, and all the gaudy
things,
That use to deck and load the heads of Kings:
Who now will value you, since you have bin
Re-

An Anniversary on

Rewards of vice, and recompence of sin !
Thou better knew'st (blest Martyr) to flight
And leave them as revenges to thy foes. (those
These, like the Prophets mantle fell from thee,
When thou, like him, didst climb t' Eternity.
Poor Princes thus to others leave their own
Small states, when called to a richer Crown.
As when a jewel's taken out the case,
Atoms and air usurp'd the jewels place ;
Or as the Sun leaving one Hemisphere,
Darkness and night presume to revel there.
So is thy place supply'd, the Sphere which thou
Wert wont to fill, we see invaded now
By a wild Comet, whose blaze doth portend,
If not a sudden, yet a certain end. (gain,
Though dead, thou still upon our hearts dost
And so more nobly and more truly reign. (lest,
Those blessings which we prize not, whilst pos-
Their worth our want of them discovers best.
Night makes the day, & darkness gilds the Sun,
Thus things grow greater by comparison.
We envy not thy glory, nor bemoan
With tears thy sad misfortunes, but our own.
Whilst thou with an immortal Crown dost
The woe is ours, the happiness is thine. (shine,
Thou hast attain'd the Haven, we are tost
Upon a sea of woes ; our Pilot lost ;
Driven by th' winds and waves, distressed, forlorn,
Our lading shipwrackt, and our tackling torn.
Cloath'd with a long white robe of innocence,
Thou walk'st ; in blackest mourning ever since
Our hearts are clad. To rid us of our pain,
Wee'l die, so be thy subjects once again.

Second Anniversary on Charles the
First, 1658.

THe year's return'd, and with the year my
task,

Which to perform no other aid I ask,
No Muse invoke, but what my grief affords,
Grief that would fill a dumb mans mouth with
words.

A King's my subject, and a King whose name
Alone, speaks more than all the tongues of fame.
Charles, good as great, whose virtues were his
crimes.

The best of men duell'd the worst of times.

But by his sad example we may know,
Excess of goodness is not safe below.

T'was too much worth just *Aristides* sent,
(By a wild ostracism) to's banishment.

Oh! hadst thou liv'd when virtue was in fashion,
And men were rul'd by reason, not by passion,
How had'st thou been ador'd! Thy actions had
Been the just Standard of what's good or bad.

Thy life had pass'd for law, and the whole Na-
Might have been virtuous by imitation.

(tion
To have been good, and in the best degree,
Had been no more but to be like to thee.

Thou art all wonder, and thy brighter Story,
Casts an Eclipse upon the blazing glory

Of former ages; all their Worthies, now
(By thee out-done) do blush, and wonder how

They lost the day, beclouded with a night
Of silence, rising from thy greater light.

Their

Second Anniversary on Charls the First.

Their moral deeds are of too faint a dye,
If once compared with thy piety.
Be dumb ye lying Legends, here's a Reign,
Full of more miracles than ye can feign.
Here is a saint, more great, more true than e're
Came from the triple crown, or holy chair.
We need no farther for Example look,
Than unto thee, thou art the onely book;
Thou art the best of Texts, hereafter we
Expect no more, but Comments upon thee:
Thou art the great Original, and he
Who will be famous now, must transcribe thee;
Spight of the Sword and Axe, you found a way
To win the field, although you lost the day.
In thy rare Portraiture thou livest still, (quill;
And triumphst more by thine all-conquering
There shalt thou reign, and as immortal be,
As was the malice of thine enemy.
Thou hast out-witted all thy foes, and by
Thy Book thou gain'st the greatest victory.
That hath enlarg'd thine Empire, and all men
Stoop to the Scepter of thy Royal Pen.
Thy Virtues crowd so fast, I cannot tell
How to speak all, or which doth most excell.
All I can say is but Epitomie,
A life's too little for thy History.
I can but write thee in Stenographic,
The whole of others is but part of thee.
But thou hast spoke thy self in such a strain,
Our wits are useles, and endeavours vain.
Silence and admiration fit me best,
Let others try to write, I'll weep the rest.

FINIS.

T. F.

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